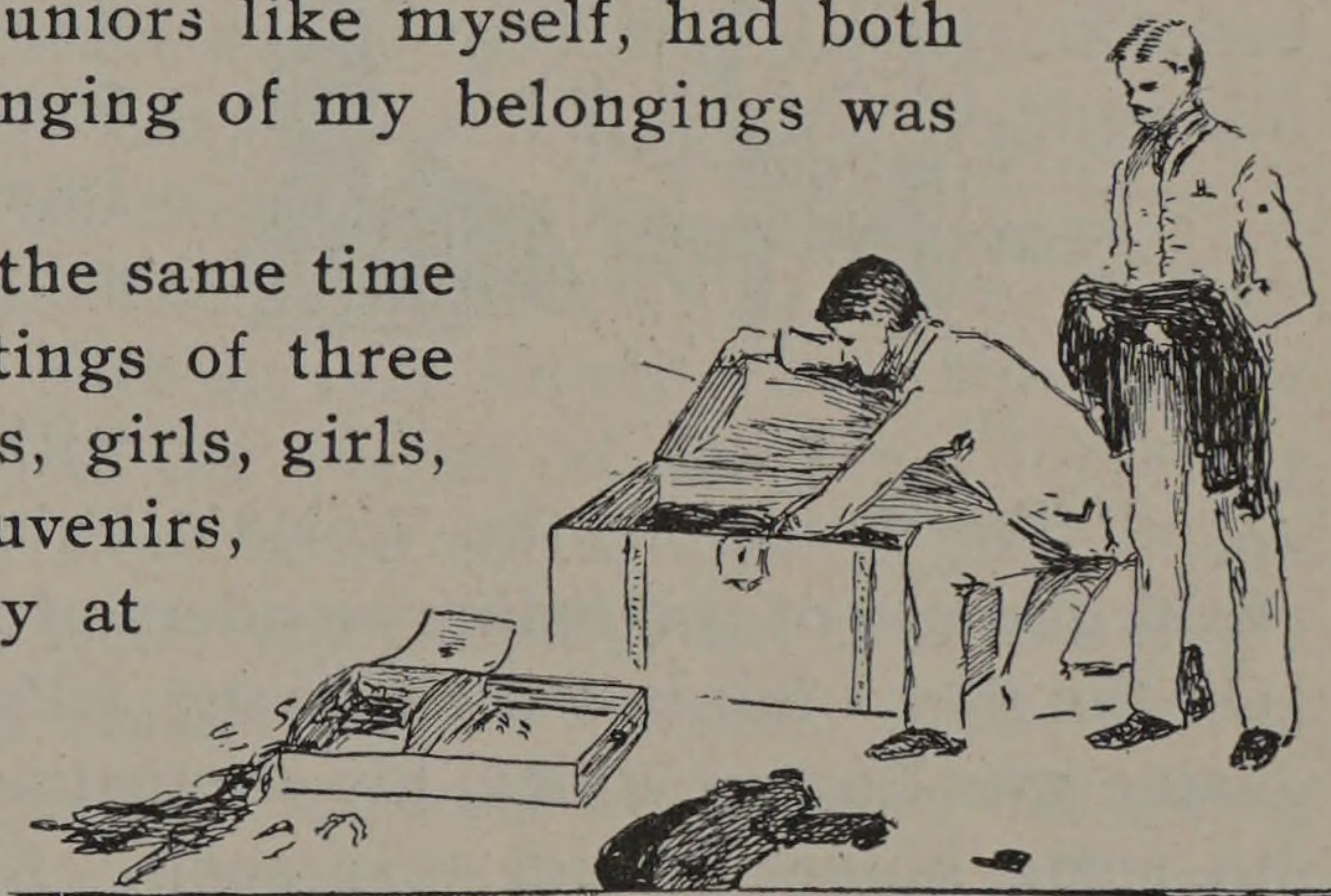


THE days of our Summer outing were over, and agreeable to the calling of the school year calendar the fellows were gathering in at "Lincoln Tech" for another quarter's work. My manner of living was to change somewhat that year. Uncle Bob, with whom up to this time I had lived in the school town of Brighton, had moved too far away for me to continue longer as a student member of his family. So I readily took advantage of my "Frat" house privileges and was installing myself in easy quarters, second floor of the Gamma Sig House that afternoon.

My old chums, Norm. Howe and Jay Clarkson, Juniors like myself, had both pulled in ahead of me and the unpacking and arranging of my belongings was progressing in a strictly go-as-you-please style.

There we were, all three recounting at one and the same time the varied experiences incident to the summer's outings of three young men: The girls-fish-girls-pictures-girls-prizes, girls, girls, girls. The floor and furniture was littered with souvenirs, clothing and the usual impedimenta of fellows away at school. Two open trunks had been overhauled, and this "stuff" was mostly new to Norm. and Jay. Bit by bit had been picked out and assigned a place—indeed the walls were bidding fair to reach some state of decorative art.



"Say Hal, who lost that?" as a pink kid ball slipper fell out of a box.

"Well, now you fellows must remember that I came up here from a co-educational school, so no questions asked."

Finally I did unlimber and many a bit of choice school romance I reeled off as this or that reminder of a glorious four years with the girls came to my hands.

"What have you for that choice little perch there, old man?" inquired Jay, as he winked at Norm. I took the hint and from out of a secure pocket of the small trunk produced my choicest treasure. Norm. raised up from the pile of pictures which lay scattered about him to reach for this new one. "Say now, Mr. Man, she—I'll bet she has stirred the heart of Harold Foxhall and many an other undergraduate at no far distant time. She's a picture. I'll trade you anything I've got; why Jay, you've not a thing anywhere near her. But Hal who is she, your sister? tell us," and all the time those two fellows were raving over that picture in this rather uncomplimentary yet picturesque style I was standing gazing downward, more that pleased, yet saying not a word.

In all my experience at the good educational school of Bateman I had not had any, not heard of any, more novel to me than was always brought to my mind as I looked at this picture. In my "Tech" days and vacations "her" picture was always with me. It carried me back to that day of June, 189—, when three-quarters of a hundred strong we (boys and girls) had succeeded to our first degrees. And among all the fair ones on that platform none could approach this one in fairness, in bright, young womanhood. As I sat behind her, she was so beautiful, a poem in white, my eye glanced off to the balcony and there I saw Clara; but the two fellows would have the history of this "case," as they called it. Norm.